

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courtesy.*



PATTY'S NEW SPHERE.

## MISS PILKINGTON.

### CHAPTER XIX.

THE day month on which Patty had arrived at Hilcum-Seabeach, Mrs. Pilkington, who had never during the intervening space once alluded to the fact that her niece was there upon trial, though Patty had often thought anxiously of it, said abruptly to her at breakfast, "Patty, it is exactly a month to-day since you came here; are you able to

put up with the old woman, or do you want to go back to London?"

"Oh, aunt," said Patty, tears filling her eyes, "I have nothing to put up with, but a great deal to be thankful for. I am only afraid I am too happy here; everybody is so good to me, and I do so like the Sunday-school, and to go about among the poor. But can you really care to have me with you?"

"Well, you're not a bad sort to live with, Patty," said the old lady. "You've been too finely schooled

and disciplined during your life to think much of yourself. To be sure, my dear," she added, more simply and naturally, "I do care to have you with me; and the fact is, Patty, I am sometimes puzzled to understand how I got on without you before. Make the tea, Patty, and I trust you will continue to make it for me till I have drunk my last cup of it. Poor child! do you think I could have the heart to send you off to sew white seam in that dreary, friendless London?"

And two tears trickled down the old lady's cheeks as she spoke. And Patty—her heart clave to her aunt from that moment as Ruth's to Naomi.

From this time Patty was fully established at Hileum-Seabeach, and launched into a new sphere of action. At first she had considerable doubts as to her fitness for the work proposed to her; but these were gradually dissipated by the encouragement she received both from the curate and Miss Mellis, who, at Mrs. Pilkington's request, took her at the beginning under her wing. The work soon became easy and pleasant to her, and it seemed as if only now she had found out her true occupation. It had always been satisfactory to her to be of use; but to be useful as a missionary, and that she really was now, she had been too humble and distrustful of herself ever to dream of, even if she had had leisure and opportunity for it, in her former life. As her aunt had told her in her letter, her assistance was not needed by her in housekeeping; Mrs. Pilkington was too active in mind to employ a deputy in this, especially when possessed of such a faithful and experienced servant as PHEME. But on finding that this unknown niece of her husband, to whom, with some reluctance, she had offered a home, was sensitive to, but unassuming upon, kindness, and anxious to help and oblige others—Mrs. Pilkington was quick in her intuitions—she devised a way of employing her so as to meet this want of her nature. She saw that Patty had been unhealthily repressed and discouraged—"of course by that ignorant, feather-headed, selfish father of hers," she had said to herself after, to use her own expression, "she had turned her inside out and had learnt all her history"—and that ministering to the poor and needy under the superintendence of the curate was just the medicine she needed to brace her mind and give her self-confidence.

Mrs. Pilkington had numerous poor protégés in the town, whom, by reason of increasing infirmities, she had been unable for some time to look after except through the instrumentality of the curate; but now she employed Patty to read to them and to minister to their temporal necessities, thus relieving him whose work taxed his utmost strength. The curate once convinced of Patty's willingness, found her plenty of work to do—the town had its clothing and other societies, all requiring help and visitors—for, as he did not spare himself, it never occurred to him to spare others. They met frequently at sick-beds as well as at the Sunday-school, where she had eight children put under her charge, including Shearer's two unruly ones, but whom she soon subdued by method and gentleness; and ere long she and Mr. Darling became fast friends. He always walked home with her from the Sunday-school. Then generally he was to be found twice in the week at Mrs. Pilkington's tea-table—he was seldom to be seen at any other, though occasionally he dined at the rectory—and the old lady was often secretly amused by the community of ideas and of interests which had

sprung up between him and Patty, and was continually manifesting itself in their remarks at these times.

"He'll wear you out, Patty, if you don't take care," she once said to her, warningly; "he's an awful glutton for work, Leonard Darling."

"I think I am the better of the work, aunt," said Patty, cheerfully.

"Well, perhaps you are," said Mrs. Pilkington, looking critically at her; "at any rate you have a clearer colour and more flesh on your bones, child, than when you came here a year ago. The sea air may have something to do with it, and the porridge—you may thank me that I taught you to sup porridge, wholesome, strengthening diet. You'll never be pretty, Patty, but you're a beauty compared with what you were the first day you came into this room. And you're more like *him* than before; even PHEME sees that. And, for a wonder, PHEME is scarcely at all jealous when I say a word in your favour; she says you are as honest and straightforward as if you had been born at Cloich, and that, I think, she considers the highest compliment she could pay you."

For Patty had been now a year at Hileum-Seabeach, and, as I have said, was thoroughly established as her aunt's companion at home, and her representative and almoner abroad. She was settled down contented and happy, and had grown familiar with her aunt's ways and manner of expressing herself, though unable fully to comprehend and appreciate her caustic humour and strength of understanding, for Patty's mind worked slowly, though the conclusions it arrived at were invariably characterised by good sense and feeling. It was, perhaps, better so, for Mrs. Pilkington's proverbs and sarcasms were not unfrequently pointed at her, and Patty's unconsciousness of this was highly relished by the eccentric old lady, who felt no need to restrain herself out of consideration for her feelings. But yet she really greatly respected the sincerity and practical character of her niece's mind. "When Patty says a thing she means it," she more than once said to her friends. Indeed, she was growing daily more attached to her, and as the infirmities of age, supplemented by the encroachments of a chronic malady to which she had been for some years subject, increased upon her, she became more willingly dependent upon her help, and allowed Patty to nurse and wait on her to her heart's content, though one of those who will rather conceal suffering than subject themselves to the fussy attentions of injudicious friends. But Patty's nursing was true nursing, her aunt felt, and she let her have her will. And Patty, grateful for such a delicious haven of rest after her former troubled life, and for the great kindness shown her by her aunt, had learnt warmly to love as well as to respect her; she knew now that her apparent hardness was but on the surface. Patty could not exist without affection, and the dissevered tendrils of her heart had first attached themselves to her aunt, and then to every one, especially the curate and Miss Mellis, now Mrs. James Evans, who had shown her kindness and attention.

And these were pretty numerous, for the ladies of Hileum-Seabeach liked Patty. They were frequent callers on their neighbours, and Mrs. Pilkington's drawing-room was seldom without one or more visitors on fine afternoons, and fine weather was generally the rule, not the exception, there, which is rather uncommon in this moist climate of ours. Mrs.

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Pilkington, notwithstanding her sharp speeches, in which she spared no one, was popular; her good birth was respected in a town more remarkable for middle-class respectability than aristocratic connection, and as Mrs. Ramsbotham, the principal medical man's wife—herself rather odd and strong-minded—observed, "There was no shoddy about her, and though she was outrageously Scotch, she was a thorough gentlewoman, and her sayings sometimes acted like a tonic—quite as good as steel or quinine—to the system." The mantle of Mrs. Pilkington's popularity extended itself over her more commonplace niece, whom everybody spoke well of because of her good temper and unassuming manners. "Just a pleasant, sensible young woman," said Miss Nancy Brookes to Mrs. Elwyn, "and not over-clever, like dear Mrs. Pilkington, who really sometimes says things, my dear, that make one feel—well, feel as if one were pricked all over with pins."

Patty did not get on so well with the rector as with his curate. She stood greatly in awe of him, of his clever, terse sayings, which her aunt relished so highly. He called frequently on Mrs. Pilkington, dropping in for half-an-hour's talk at the conclusion of his afternoon walk before he went home to dinner. Mrs. Pilkington had more in common with him than any other individual, male or female, in quiet little Hileum-Seabeach; and perhaps one reason why she was so much regarded there was the attention the rector paid her, for Mr. Breckenridge was a man both of family and fortune, and had married the daughter of an "honourable," an inoffensive woman enough, who presided satisfactorily over the hospitalities of the rectory, but was anything rather than a "she-clergyman," taking no interest in parochial matters, and never presiding over meetings of any kind, although she had no family to occupy her time. The rector did exercise a general superintendence over his flock, but the poor of them he was glad to commit to his curate's care; for, as Mrs. Pilkington had told him, he was not fitted for that kind of work, and knew not how to gain access to their hearts. Temporal aid he gave with a liberal hand when convinced he was not imposed upon, but spiritual he could not. With men of cultivated minds but sceptical tendencies he could argue ably and often convincingly, but, unlike Mr. Darling, he could not preach the simple gospel to the poor; perhaps he had never learnt it for himself experimentally. Their difficulties seemed childish to him; and when he needed to reprove them he was apt to do it too cuttingly and severely.

"Rector," said Mrs. Pilkington to him one day, with her usual bluntness, on his mentioning a case of the latter kind, "you should lecture poor folks as the minister of Lamington did his man."

"Indeed; and how was that?" said the rector, who knew that some pungent application must be coming.

"The minister of Lamington," said the old lady with sly satisfaction at having detected a crevice in the clergyman's armour through which she could discharge a shaft, "was unlike your reverence, a very meek and timorous man, who was ruled by everybody about him, but especially by his servant John. One day a friend calling at the manse found the minister pacing up and down his study in an unusual state of excitement and agitation. On inquiring the cause of it, he was informed that it was occasioned by a severe reproof that the minister had been compelled

to administer to John, who had that morning pertinaciously refused to obey his orders. 'What did you say to him?' asked his surprised and curious friend. 'Oh,' said the minister, 'I said John! John! and many other strong things.' And it came to be a by-word in that part of the country when a man had got too easily off for any offence, that he had had one of the minister of Lamington's reproofs."

"Had the reproof the desired effect?" said the rector, drily, interrupting the expected application.

"Well, I'll not answer for that," said Mrs. Pilkington, laughing; "servants were a stiff-necked generation in the minister of Lamington's days. But you might take a lesson from the story, rector. It's just because the curate has learnt to say only 'John! John!' to them, that the poor and ignorant are not frightened to open their hearts to him. You require somebody that will fight with you, and that's the reason you and I get on so well."

## CHAPTER XX.

AND no doubt it was; though Patty used to be frightened at the liberties her aunt took with the dignified-looking clergyman, who, however, bore from her what he would not have tolerated from any one else in Hileum-Seabeach. Indeed, the old lady seemed to have purchased an immunity of saying and doing whatever she pleased without giving offence. People would say, "Oh, it is just Mrs. Pilkington's way," and think no more of what from any other would have excited anger.

"I don't think Leonard Darling perfect, however," added the old lady; "he is deplorably weak in some respects, and allows himself to be imposed upon in a way that to a clear-sighted man like you must be incomprehensible. Every beggar fleeces him as well as that landlady of his, whom he persists in believing to be honest. I tried to put him up to her tricks, and gave him a cosy that he might infuse his own tea, but the woman argued him out of the use of it, and he brought it back to me—actually brought it back. I can't understand the weakness of being afraid of one's landlady. Between charity and cheater I wonder how his income keeps him. I would send him half a chest of tea, but it would be just so much grist to that woman Davis's mill. He is a man that needs to be protected, rector. Could you not help him to a good wife with a comfortable independence? That's what he wants."

"Unless one of the Miss Brookeses would do," said the rector, gravely, "I don't know any other unmarried ladies here who have such a thing in possession; Miss Nancy would take good care of him, undoubtedly."

"Miss Nancy!" exclaimed Mrs. Pilkington, enjoying the joke; "she's twelve years older than he is, and as fat as one of the King of Ashantee's wives. Then Miss Fanny could not live without her, and I would rather endure Mrs. Davis's greed than Miss Fanny's temper. Oh, rector, how I wish you had been present at an interview I had with her last spring, when I tried to persuade her to take fresh air and exercise. All I could say was of no use till I thought of pointing out various apoplectic symptoms in her sister, and warning her that unless she took her out for a walk every day she would be sure, sooner or later, to have a fit. And how she has trotted out poor Miss Nancy since that morning; she



even insists on her walking under an umbrella when it's raining, and she has to go all the messages instead of the servants. I dare say it's very good for Miss Nancy, but Miss Fanny does it for fear she should lose her nurse and slave. Poor Miss Nancy! she's a worthy creature, Miss Nancy, but she won't do for the curate."

"I don't know who will, then," said the rector, "but I shall be on the outlook since you have given me the hint. But when she is found, how is the marriage to be brought about? It will require some management, I can tell you," he added, laughing heartily as he was about to leave the room; "Darling will need considerable influence to make him move in the matter; he will hardly be brought to think himself good enough for any woman."

So spake the rector in jest; and yet a time came when he remembered the conversation and acted up to his own words.

The summer had brought the usual influx of lodgers and excursionists into the little town, changing its quiet into bustle and confusion, except in the upper terraces, which a stately propriety never deserted, though they had lost their winter aspect of solitude. The gardens there were in full bloom and attractiveness, the creepers on the inner sides of the walls so rich and luxuriant that they overtopped the summits, and hung in bowery masses over the foot-paths. The sands were thronged with nurses and children laden with the wooden spades that these juveniles assume at the seaside, and with which they deface the pleasant smoothness of the beach, as pigs turned into a field plough up the soil with their snouts in search of roots. Bathing-machines were in full employment, and invalid-chairs and donkey-riders met you at every turn. The summer visitants added little to the society of Mrs. Pilkington and her set. Summer rather reduced its numbers, for Hilcum-Seabeach people sometimes went on tours to Scotland and to the Continent, or to visit distant friends. Occasionally, a family connected with some of them would take lodgings in the town for the bathing season, that they might enjoy the company of their relations, and of course these were introduced and visited; but the generality of those who filled the lodging-houses in summer were strangers to the settled inhabitants. As the autumn advanced they gradually disappeared; not like the swallows, simultaneously, but family dropped off after family, and were only replaced by a few pale-faced invalids, conspicuous from their muffings and respirators, who had been sent there to avoid the colder winter of their own homes.

When spring arrived, Patty had been a whole year at Hilcum-Seabeach. How different that year had been to any other of her life! how free from care and anxiety! how full of spiritual as well as temporal blessings and advantages! Her aunt's friends—all who were worth calling so—had gradually become hers in that time; she who only a year before, when her father was suddenly taken from her, had felt so friendless and solitary, and had looked almost longingly to the period when she would find in the grave a refuge from the oppressive loneliness of this weary, unkindly world. What a change! Now her life was full and rich, and new interests were ever springing up around her, for Patty was as ready to rejoice with them that did rejoice as to weep with those who wept.

One afternoon, at this time, she was called to do

the former. Miss Nancy Brookes came waddling up Mrs. Pilkington's staircase in such a hurry as to distance Pheme, who could only mutter to herself, as Miss Nancy passed her without speaking at the foot of the stairs, "What's in the wind now I wonder!" and retire to her kitchen, disgusted with this proof of English want of "manners." "The mistress used to speak civilly to the poorest body she met at Cloich," she added, in the audience of her pots and pans, "but these English dinna ken how to behave themselves like the real old gentry."

Miss Nancy, innocent of all intention to offend, had, in the meanwhile, reached the drawing-room unannounced; but by that time she was so breathless that for some moments she could not speak, and was thankful to drop into the spring-cushioned fauteuil, which Patty considerably wheeled forward. Her words at first were uttered in a series of gasps.

"How d'ye do—how d'ye do?—quite well, thank you, and Fanny is tolerable; but she won't come out, though she insists on my walking. She says I will have a fit if I don't—ha, ha, ha! I'm not frightened for fits, but she is, poor dear soul. But I'm glad I went out to-day, though I wanted to stay at home to finish hemming my new pocket-handkerchiefs, for I went to call on Mrs. Ramsbotham, whom I had not seen for some time. And didn't she tell me that Clara Mellis—that is Mrs. James Evans—has got a baby daughter this morning—you know Dr. Ramsbotham attends the Evanses. Only think! a baby daughter!"

"I'm very glad to hear it, and I knew a baby was expected," said Mrs. Pilkington; "but what's extraordinary in that? it's just in the usual course of things."

"Oh, only that its father's blind, or next to blind, you know. I believe he knows light from darkness. He will never be able to see it, so it can be no pleasure to him; and as his wife has so much to do in looking after him, it's a pity they should have the trouble of a child."

"A pity they should have the trouble of a child, indeed!" exclaimed the indignant old lady. "I say it's a mercy—a crowning mercy. Don't talk such sinful nonsense to me! I never had a child myself, certainly; but it's only an ignorant old maid like you, Miss Nancy, who have outlived all maternal feelings, if you ever had them, that could say such a thing; and you should be ashamed of yourself."

"Oh, Mrs. Pilkington!" said poor Miss Nancy, staring at her with widely opened eyes and mouth, exhibiting her set of false teeth by doing so, but too good-natured and unconcerned about her single state of blessedness to feel offended by being reminded of it; she was only afraid she must have said something very bad thus to rouse her friend's indignation.

"Don't you see what a light and joy that child will bring to that poor darkened man, Miss Nancy?" said the old lady, more calmly. "He will never see its face, no doubt; but he will hear its voice and feel its touch. Some fathers complain of the noise their children make; but poor James Evans—kindly good soul that he is!—will never have too much of it. I am glad the baby is a daughter—fathers get more attention from daughters than sons, as a rule."

"Well, after all, Miss Patty," said Miss Nancy, turning to Patty with a decided nod of conviction, "I believe your aunt is quite right, and that it will be very nice for the Evanses to have a baby. To be

sure it will—only it did not strike me at the first.” Miss Nancy was easily influenced by the opinions of those about her.

“I don’t know any one so well fitted as Clara Evans to train children; it’s a natural gift with her,” continued Mrs. Pilkington. “If Patty here had come to me as a child some years ago, I should have sent her to Clara’s school. It would have done you a great deal of good, Patty; not that you are not better than most people, but that your education was not properly attended to; though, perhaps, if it had been, you might have lost in other respects. I shouldn’t wonder,” said Mrs. Pilkington, reflectively rubbing her nose.

“I shouldn’t wonder, too,” said Miss Nancy, anxious to propitiate, but without the least idea what Mrs. Pilkington meant.

Mrs. Pilkington only noticed this observation by one of her “humphs.” Then she said, “Come now, Miss Nancy, you haven’t told us all your news, surely. Did you hear nothing else down town?”

“Oh dear, yes!” said Miss Nancy, briskly. “Do you know Mrs. Ramsbotham has found Blaeberry?”

“Blaeberry!” said Mrs. Pilkington.

“Dear me, yes! Why I thought everybody knew Mrs. Ramsbotham’s cat Blaeberry that rings the bell when he’s been shut up in a room, and sits on the toilet-table and arranges his whiskers in the glass.”

“Never heard of the extraordinary animal before,” said Mrs. Pilkington; “and I hate tom-cats. As well have a young tiger in the house; the cat is nearly as savage, and decidedly more noisy. Well!”

“Well!” continued Miss Nancy, in a deprecating tone, “Mrs. Ramsbotham had workmen in the house a week ago, and a plank of the spare bedroom floor was taken up, as there was an escape of gas in the drawing-room below it, and afterwards nailed down again, as well as the carpet. Blaeberry wasn’t to be seen after that, and it was supposed that the workmen had frightened him away. Mrs. Ramsbotham sent the beadle round the town with the bell, offering five shillings to any one that would bring him back; but though cats were brought to her in abundance—I believe all the boys in the town employed themselves in hunting cats—none of them was Blaeberry, and poor Mrs. Ramsbotham was inconsolable. She had given him up for lost, when yesterday afternoon, happening to go into the spare room, she suddenly heard a faint scratching somewhere, and then a feeble mew, as if under her feet. And didn’t it flash upon her mind all in a moment about the plank that had been taken up, and says she to herself, ‘Blaeberry’s been buried alive under it.’ And they pulled up the carpet, and got a man to raise the plank again, and sure enough out crawled Blaeberry, looking like his own ghost, as Mrs. Ramsbotham says. And she kept him on her knee all the evening, and fed him with spoonfuls of milk at a time, as they do with starved people. I found her writing to her eldest son, who, you know, is a medical student in Edinburgh, to tell him about it. She read that part of her letter to me—so funny and clever, I don’t know when I laughed so much. But I must go now, I only just looked in to tell you the news. Fanny will be so glad to hear that Blaeberry is found, and also about the baby.”

“Patty,” said Mrs. Pilkington when Miss Nancy had fairly taken herself off, “put on your bonnet, child, and go and inquire for Mrs. Evans and the baby. Bless its little heart! I trust it is strong and

healthy. And I think, Patty, you might leave word that till Clara is downstairs again you will go every morning to read the newspapers, and whatever else he is accustomed to. I know Clara reads the Bible to him—to poor Mr. Evans. Well, what a world this is! I wonder whether Miss Nancy Brooks thinks the resurrection of Blaeberry or the birth of the baby the more important event.”

## SPANISH SKETCHES.

### V.—THE DILIGENCE DRIVE.

A BRIGHT moonlight night, and an azure, star-sprinkled sky overhead, gigantic grey mountains, whose sununits seemed to reach the very heavens—this was the scenery that presented itself to us as we emerged from the train at Antiguera. Here we were to take the diligence for Granada, *viâ* Lonja; for in those days there was no railway between Antiguera and Lonja, and that intervening bit of road had to be done by diligence.

“How cold it is,” said Mrs. Gordon, shivering, as she drew her shawl more closely round her. “I hope, Lucy, dear, that you have plenty of muffling. Come, let us see after our luggage.”

“I wish Dick were here to help us,” I said; “it is so unpleasant travelling without a man to see after one’s traps.”

“My dear,” said Mrs. Gordon, “I never trust any one, man or woman, to look after *my* things; if I do, they invariably go astray. Ah, I see my carpet-bag.”

And here I may as well say that Mrs. Gordon and I were bound for Granada. We had been making a little tour with Dick in the south, when, on arriving at Malaga, we found a telegram awaiting my husband, summoning him back to Madrid. We, of course, proposed returning with him. This, however, he would not hear of, but insisted on our completing our expedition without him.

“Tell me,” said my cousin, addressing a porter who, with a cigar in his mouth, was lazily putting our small possessions on a truck, “when does the coche [coach] start?”

“Luego [by-and-bye], señora; it is not ready yet—time enough; no hay de prisa [there is no hurry],” said the official. “The señoras are travelling alone, I see,” he added, in the free and easy manner so peculiar to Spaniards. “Of course, you have secured your places?”

We answered in the affirmative, and hurried out at once to the diligence. There it stood, in the midnight stillness, poised upon its shafts and leaning against a wall, as if resting from the fatigues of the previous day. Muleteers lay about in various attitudes, snoring loudly, and the mules were sleepily browsing near, the tinkling of bells alone indicating their presence.

The porter who had followed us gave a kick to one of the sleepers, saying, “The train has arrived; the señoras will be here directly; they are taking refreshment; get ready the coche.”

“Ay de mí [dear me],” said the man addressed, lazily stretching himself; “vamos, but there is no such hurry,” and with these words he seated himself, took out a tobacco-pouch, and commenced making a cigarillo (little cigar), which he lit, and after taking

a few whiffs, proceeded to rouse his companions. It may be well to remark here, that the mania for smoking is carried to such extremes in Spain, that all duties are neglected for it. I well remember seeing a file of mules descending the Calle del Alcalá, which is about the steepest hill in Madrid; one of the unfortunate beasts slipped and fell, and before the driver thought of assisting the poor animal to rise, he deliberately took out his tobacco, made a cigarette, lit it, and then proceeded to its help. I need scarcely say that it was by this time insensible.

Seeing there was no chance of starting for the next half hour, and feeling very cold and hungry, we adjourned to the refreshment-room, but soon saw it was necessary to secure our seats.

As we stepped out into the open air, we found a crowd of people pushing and jostling one another, all eager for seats. "The coupé—I have secured the coupé," said Mrs. Gordon, raising her voice; and seeing three gentlemen already seated there, she addressed them in supplicating tones, "I beg your pardon, these places are ours, we have already secured them."

"Excuse me, señora," said one of the inmates of the coupé, a pleasing-looking young man, "there is some mistake. See, he added," producing his tickets, "here are our places; we secured the balena two weeks ago."

"But surely this is the coupé?" persisted my cousin; "can I have made a mistake? Where then is the coupé?"

"I fear, señora, you have been misled about it," said the gentleman, courteously; "ladies do not generally travel in the coupé; I fear you will find it uncomfortable. You keep my place," he added, turning to his companions, "while I show this lady the way. You see, señora," he added, addressing my cousin, "what the French call coupé we call *balena*. This is how your mistake arose."

"Yes, it is certainly very unfortunate," said Mrs. Gordon. "Well, as long as it is under cover I don't mind."

Just then we reached the bottom of a steep ladder which led to a covered seat on the top of the coach. It was a mere bench, fastened by straps to the roof of the diligence, with a slight awning overhead. Several peasants in blue cotton blouses, and women with *pañuelos* (handkerchiefs) on their heads, were clamouring to get up. "I tell you it is taken by some English ladies," said an official standing near; "you must all stand back, please."

"Ca! [nonsense] don't you tell us that! As if English ladies would take the coupé."

"You want to keep it for someone else," put in another voice.

"Surely this is not the coupé!" said Mrs. Gordon, addressing the guard, who was endeavouring to keep off the mob.

"It is, indeed, señora," replied the person addressed.

"We shall never be able to get up here; it is impossible!" we exclaimed. "Señor, you must find us some other seat."

"I have no other to give you, señora. Lo siento [I am sorry for it], but what can I do?" said he, shrugging his shoulders. "Perhaps," he added, looking round, "some one would change with the señora?"

"You can have my seat, madam, with pleasure," said the gentleman who had kindly accompanied us; "I only fear that you will be very much crushed."

We were profuse in our thanks to our unknown friend, and after some little demur Mrs. Gordon gladly availed herself of his kind offer, whispering to me, "My dear, I only fear it will be very uncomfortable for you up there alone; I hardly like to leave you."

I assured her that I should be all right, and climbed the steep ladder which led to our insecure seat. A fat, good-natured looking woman, with a child on her knee, was there already, taking up nearly the whole place; and although she had no right to be there, I made no objection, as I thought it preferable to being alone with a strange gentleman, and her presence gave me a feeling of security.

At last we were seated, the final signal given, and our twelve mules set off at a brisk trot down a steep hill, our bench swaying to and fro like a ship at sea. Our good-natured friend of the *balena* seated himself between the fat citizen and myself, so as to give us each the benefit of a corner to lean against, and soon I managed to place myself firmly by putting my feet against the coachman's seat, which was just below us; and the feeling of insecurity passing away, I was able to take an interest in the scene around me.

It was a glorious night, the sky was quite clear except for one or two silver-edged cloudlets that rippled across its surface, relieving the monotony of its brightness, and resting on their way on the summits of the gigantic grey rocks that seemed to reach the heavens.

For some time we continued to descend at an almost break-neck speed, down rocky roads and past sharp corners of rock. If ever any of the poor animals paused in their headlong course, a boy darted out from somewhere behind the diligence, and with a whip, whose lash was long enough to reach the farthest mule, urged them on. It was curious to see the dread the poor creatures had of the cruel whips. Directly the boy's shadow was seen defined in the bright moonlight against the rocks, they quickened their pace of themselves without any urging. Sometimes, when ascending a steep hill, the driver would talk and reason with them almost like children. "Hey, Violetta!" he would say, in persuasive tones, "a little faster. And you, Concha, wake up! Ah, Concepcion! don't slip. Mariquita, Mariquita, hold up your little head! Courage, Dolores, my girl, courage; we shall soon be up!"

"I suppose this is all new to you, señora?" said my gentleman companion, "you have never been in a conveyance like *this* before?"

"No, señor; never in this country, though frequently in France and Switzerland," I replied. "Surely it must be very dangerous to go at this tremendous pace down these steep hills?"

"On the contrary, señora, it is much safer than a slower pace would be; the mules are used to it, and would probably slip if they slackened speed." And then he went on to tell me how, very shortly, the railway would be opened the whole way between Malaga and Granada, "which will be a very good thing," he said, "for in bad weather the mail is often delayed."

After what seemed to be a wonderfully short time, our journey came to an end; and our mules, steaming with heat, stopped abruptly before the station of Lonja, where our train was standing. Stiff and cramped, I descended the steep ladder, at the bottom of which I found Mrs. Gordon awaiting me.



The rest of our journey was uneventful; and at six o'clock next morning we found ourselves at Granada, where, after some little delay, we secured a coche to convey us to the "Fonda de los siete Suelos (seven floors)," where we had procured rooms with no little difficulty. It had been raining all night; and only those who, like ourselves, had been living for some time in a parched atmosphere, can tell how refreshing was the fragrant smell of the moist soil as we drove slowly up the steep hill which led to our hotel.

The road was a perfect avenue of trees on either side, whose branches in some places overlapped, forming leafy archways.

After about half an hour's drive we stopped in front of an unpretending-looking house.

We were conducted upstairs by our landlady, and shown two charming rooms on opposite sides of the passage; one overlooking the avenue of trees in front of the house, the other fronting the green hills, the open window letting in the fragrant mountain breezes.

We were only too thankful to lie down on the snowy spring beds, and rest our wearied frames, and soon I fell into a sound sleep, from which I was at last awakened by a voice at the door, telling me that breakfast was ready.

On entering the dining-room we were cheered by the sight of a log fire blazing on the hearth, round which was seated quite an assembly of persons, who stared at us as we took our places at the table. It was late, and every one had finished breakfast some time ago, notwithstanding which the good-natured waiter Carlos (who was quite a character) had kept us some deliciously hot coffee, and he supplied us abundantly with strawberries and cream, keeping up an animated discourse as he did so. "We have a nice society here, señoras. The great Spanish painter is here! and his wife—such a pretty young lady! She had a little son this morning, just before you arrived; quite an important event for our little Fonda, ladies. There never happened such a thing here before. The ambassador and his lady are here also, and a young English lady, a *rubia* [fair girl]. Don Faustino Gutierrez (the painter) made a sketch of her the other evening as she sat at the piano—too great an honour for her, for I have seen prettier ladies here. But, señoras, I suppose we shall see her face one day in one of the Madonnas. And we are expecting more arrivals to-night."

After breakfast Carlos volunteered his services in conducting us over the Alhambra, of which we gladly availed ourselves. I shall not take up time in describing it here, as we have a *fac simile* of it in the Crystal Palace on a small scale.

Our days passed away uneventfully, and, as pouring rain set in, we were entirely confined to the house, and had to amuse ourselves with books and work beside the cheerful wood fire.

"I see that some fresh travellers have arrived to-night," said Mrs. Gordon, as we were sitting at dinner one evening, about a week after our arrival at Granada; "I wonder how they managed to get here in this weather?"

The new arrivals consisted of three ladies—two of them middle-aged, and one a young girl of about eighteen. She was very lovely. Her bright brown hair, delicate complexion, and expressive grey eyes with sweeping lashes, almost indicated Irish descent. The two elder ladies talked to each other exclu-

sively, and the poor child was taken no notice of whatever. As she was seated opposite to me, and looked so lonely, I tried to enter into conversation with her, asking her if she had not had a very tiring journey. She blushed painfully, and was about to answer, when one of the elderly ladies said, in a severe tone, "Leave the room, Hester."

The girl did so, and, with a feeling of amazement I watched the pretty creature shyly make her retreat. The lady opposite, seeing my look of astonishment, said, "I must beg you will not again notice our maid; I do not wish her to be made forward."

"I beg your pardon," I said, rather stiffly, "I really did not think she was your maid, she is so pretty and ladylike."

"You see I am obliged to have her at table, in order to be some protection to myself and my sister," continued my elderly countrywoman. "We are travelling quite alone for the first time, and, having no gentleman to chaperone us, we are obliged to have our maid constantly with us, which for some way is unpleasant."

With difficulty I concealed a smile, merely saying that it was a pity she was so young and so pretty, to which my opposite neighbour made no reply, but resumed her conversation with her sister.

"Would the señora like to see the king of the gipsies and his followers dance here this evening?" asked Carlos, one morning while we were at breakfast. "They have been sent for, and are going to perform in the sala of the Casino." We all declared we should like it very much, and accordingly at eight o'clock we assembled in the sala.

After waiting some little time, the king of the gipsies made his appearance. He was a tall, gaunt man, with very black hair slightly tinged with grey, and a long thick beard. He wore the picturesque gipsy dress, consisting of a crimson scarf wound round the waist in several folds, rows of buttons adorning his short velvet coat, knee-breeches, and leathern gaiters, with tassels, which set off to advantage his well-shaped legs. He was followed by a younger man dressed in the same way. There were also three women in bright-coloured print dresses, which stood out in a peculiar mode over the large wooden hoops, always worn on festive occasions by the gipsy women, reminding one of the hoops we read of in Queen Anne's time. Bright crimson roses peeped out coquettishly from the jet black hair, and the shapely brown neck and arms were covered with massive gold necklaces and bracelets, while the pretty ears were drawn out of shape by earrings. Pretty women they were of the gipsy type, though perhaps a trifle too bold-looking; their flashing black eyes had quite a dauntless look in them. In the chief performance the gipsy king stood in the centre and was danced round, the women kicking out their feet as they danced in a not very ladylike way. His majesty seemed too dignified to take an active part in what was going on, but smiled complacently as he looked around him on the company. We certainly had expected something more amusing, and were disappointed. They wound up the whole by a thread-the-needle game, after which the women went round and collected money, and then the gipsy company dispersed.

The weather continued so rainy that we were detained at Granada longer than we liked; even the mail was prevented from coming, and, in consequence, I had no news from my husband.

"We really must try and start to-morrow," said

my cousin one morning, as we were standing at the window watching the clouds. "It certainly seems more like clearing than it has done yet; see, Lucy, there is enough blue to make a bonnet; really the weather is mending!"

Just then a knock was heard at the door, and Carlos entered the room, bearing the wished-for letter.

"The mail has come at last, ladies," he said; "but oh, *such* weather! *such* a journey! They stuck fast in the mud, and had to send for fresh horses before they could get out."

We then told Carlos how we intended leaving the next day, and asked him to secure places for us in the *balena* of the diligence. He assured us that our going was not to be thought of, and that the mail could not do the journey in such weather.

"Then you must try and secure a *coche* for us," persisted Mrs. Gordon.

After a little demur it was agreed that Carlos should telegraph to Lonja for a carriage to meet the morning train next day, though he assured us that it was very doubtful whether any *cochero* would undertake to travel in such weather.

Contrary, however, to our expectations, we had a favourable reply from Lonja, and though the terms named for the carriage were very high, we were determined to go.

Next morning looked rather doubtful. The sky was cloudy, though there were bright bursts of sunshine.

At last we were fairly off, and for some time went along quite merrily, laughing at our imaginary fears of the previous day. The sun burst out in great splendour, illuminating the green hills that surrounded us, and making everything look beautiful. About twelve o'clock we began to feel quite hungry, and were glad to eat our hard-boiled eggs and rolls, laughing heartily as we each took a pull at a suspicious-looking black bottle (which contained nothing stronger than weak wine and water).

Soon the aspect of things began to change. Our road became exceedingly uninteresting, and we found ourselves in a complete desert, where the grass was short and stunted and the ground very boggy, and now our real troubles began. Two or three times the mules fairly stuck in the mud, and it required the united strength of the three men who were with us to extract them from it.

As if to add to our misfortunes, it began to rain, and each moment the road became worse. We managed to crawl on for about an hour longer, and then things came to a climax.

The incessant rain had rendered the roads quite impassable, and suddenly with one great lurch we found ourselves landed into a bog, and the mules sticking fast in the black mud, and neither lashing nor pulling could make the animals move. Here was a pass! What were we to do?

"There is only one thing to be done, señora," said the coachman, putting his head in at the window, "we must carry you out, and put you on that heap of stones yonder, the only dry spot there is, while we unharness these brutes and drag them out."

"Oh, surely we can walk," cried Mrs. Gordon; "we can pick our way."

"Impossible, señora," was the abrupt answer. "See, *we* are up to our knees in mud, but that can't be helped—only I wish, by San José, I had never come; if I had known the day we were likely to

have, not all your English gold would have tempted me;" and without more ceremony I was hoisted into his strong brawny arms, and speedily deposited on the stones, the process being a somewhat lengthy and perilous one, as my bearer had great difficulty in extricating himself from the mud. Mrs. Gordon, who was a good deal heavier than I was, took longer coming over the sea of mud, and the man, as he deposited her on the heap of stones, politely remarked, "You are fat, señora, and so am I," spreading out his arms by way of illustrating his remark.

We were obliged to laugh at this, in spite of feeling very miserable, as we sat on the hillock of stones with umbrellas over our heads, presenting, I am sure, a most melancholy aspect, as we watched the process of getting the unfortunate mules out of the bog. Bleeding under the cruel lash, they were at last dragged on to dry land. The carriage was drawn out after them, the wheels being so clogged with mud that it took some time to get into travelling order.

At last we were once more fairly *en route*, struggling frantically against wind and rain, and often sticking fast. After going at a snail's pace for about half an hour more we came to a dead stop, and one of the mules fell down exhausted. It was clear we could get no farther with these poor worn-out beasts; there was no place near where we could exchange them for others; and as if to aggravate our misery, the station was actually in sight, and we could see the smoke of the engine from afar. "The train is there already," we exclaimed, "we shall not catch it."

"I can't help that," said the driver, who had descended from his seat; "you see my mules can go no farther; this day has been too much for them as it is."

"What is to be done?" This was the question we asked each other, as with blank faces we listened to the driver's words.

"Send on a boy to stop the train for a few minutes; we will try and run for it," I suggested.

Accordingly the boy set off at full speed, and we followed as fast as we could, while one of the men agreed to take our few traps. We had given the driver double his fare as he began bargaining, complaining that one of his mules was disabled and would never be good for anything again.

At last, by dint of running and walking by turns, we arrived at the station just as the signal was given. Breathless and heated, we were shoved in a first-class carriage with our luggage, without even taking our tickets; and, having no change, were obliged to fling *Isabellinos* (sovereigns) to the men who had carried our luggage, and who were clamouring to be paid.

And so ended our adventurous trip to Granada, which had cost us dear in every sense of the word, and I am sure no one will be surprised to hear that, on arriving at Malaga, we were both laid up with severe colds.

The old-fashioned diligence, drawn by its picturesque mules, is now done away with in most parts of Spain, and trains are taking its place, the hideous railways cutting up the beautiful wild scenery, and giving it a civilised look strangely at variance with the wild wastes around.

We are not sorry, on the whole, to have had a little experience of travelling as it then was, and perhaps the pleasure of our trip to Granada was enhanced by the difficulties we had to encounter on our way.



## Harvest in the Dale of Aboca.



[P. S. Walker.

The reaper laid his sickle down  
 Among the sheaves of wheat;  
 His brow was frank, although 'twas brown  
 With toiling in the heat.  
 The reaper, well may he rejoice  
 Among the sheaves of wheat,  
 When he hears a happy mother's voice,  
 And the noise of tiny feet.

The reaper, with his wife and boy  
 Among the sheaves of wheat—  
 They spend a noontide hour in joy,  
 And reck not of the heat.  
 O, rest is welcome in the noon  
 Among the sheaves of wheat,  
 And a wife's light voice is sweet and boon,  
 With the noise of tiny feet.

From the "Poetical Works of E. J. Armstrong." (Longmans.) A posthumous memorial of a young Irishman of much promise.

## UTOPIAS, OR SCHEMES OF SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

## VIII.—CABET—"VOYAGE TO ICARIA."

THAT ominous prediction of Sylvain Maréchal, one of the Babouvist conspirators, "The French Revolution is only the forerunner of another revolution, grander and still more solemn, the last of its kind," was almost literally fulfilled in the rising of 1848, half a century after that Communist movement had received its "baptism of blood" in the death of Babeuf.

The Revolution of 1789 had removed the last vestige of feudalism, that of 1830 had brought about the extinction of the aristocracy as a social power, but in this third stage of the "ninety years' agony of France" we have the first organised attempt of labour revolting against the "tyranny of capital."

Here, as on former occasions, it was the supine selfishness of the propertied classes which provoked the outbreak of popular discontent. The all-powerful plutocracy had turned a deaf ear to the repeated and just complaints of the labouring people against their entire exclusion from political power, and the conversion of the electoral franchise into an engine of class legislation in favour of the rich. They remained insensible to the sufferings of the working-classes, which followed upon a ruinous fall of wages, and so roused the spirit of deadly hatred against property and the Government. "The operatives, well-nigh maddened by suffering, readily embraced the doctrines of the socialists, who proclaimed a community of goods. . . as the ultimate destiny of society."\*

All previous attempts to ameliorate their condition had failed, the societarian schemes of St. Simon and Fourier had fallen into discredit, Lamartine now demanded of the Government "Social Fraternity" in the name of the people. The influence of the socialists had been underrated, as it is not unfrequently, in spite of the solemn warnings of history. They had been contemptuously described as an "imperceptible band of extravagants," and their demands of social reform had remained unheeded. Then came the Revolution.

Cabet's "Voyage to Icaria" was a warning precursor of that event, as Morelly's "Basilade" had been the precursor of the first Revolution; and very often the sentiments of the latter are re-echoed in the former.

"At all times," says Cabet, in the preface to this Modern Utopia, "and in every country history shows nothing but troubles and disorders, vices and crimes, wars and revolutions, massacre and murder, calamities and catastrophes. Now, if these vices and misfortunes are not the effect of nature's will, we must seek for a cause elsewhere. And is this cause not to be found in the bad organisation of society? And is not the radical vice of this organisation inequality on which it is based? . . . Not a moment must be lost to repress this evil by a substitution of equality for inequality."

*Community of goods*, he maintains, was proclaimed by "Jesus Christ, by all the apostles and early disciples, by the primitive Church and by the Reformation, and by all the philosophers who have been the light and glory of the human species."

In answer to the objection that such a scheme of perfect equality is only a beautiful dream and a magnificent chimera, he says that, on the contrary, a society of this kind may exist and prosper, and, in the "Voyage to Icaria" he tries to prove this theory.

Cabet wrote this work in England, where he lived as an exile, banished from his country for political offences, after having risen to legal eminence, notwithstanding his democratic and socialistic tendencies. Here in this country the study of More's "Utopia" had converted him, as he confesses, from political Republicanism to a belief in Communism and the "sovereignty of the people." Henceforth he only regards the establishment of the Republic as a preliminary step towards the final introduction of a "definite Communism." And thus persuaded in his own mind, he says, "I wrote the 'Voyage to Icaria' to place before the world the example of a great nation having a community of goods. At the same time I perceived that this community could not be established after Babeuf's plan, by conspiracy and violence, but by means of discussion, propagandism, by persuasion, and the force of public opinion."

For this purpose he paints with glowing colours the results of universal equality in that social romance to which we must now direct the reader's attention.

The imaginary community here described is visited by a mythical English Lord Carisdall, whose supposed impressions and experiences in Icaria form the subject-matter of this volume. It may, in fact, be regarded as the diary of an inhabitant in Dreamland, or as a traveller's note-book, describing scenes and modes of life in Nowhere's Land. The work is divided into three parts, the first containing a detailed description of the country and the people, the second their history, and the last giving an account of the principles which lie at the foundation of that universal happiness so much admired by Lord Carisdall.

The situation of the country is most favourable. Chains of mountains enclose it from the north and south; a river in the east and the sea in the west form the remaining boundaries. The territory is divided into a hundred provinces, almost equal in extent and population. Each province consists of six communes, and each commune has its own communal town, eight villages, and a number of farms spread in regular order throughout its whole extent. There is a chief town in the centre of every province, and in the heart of Icaria its capital is situated—the marvel of marvels, a description of which reads like one of the Arabian Nights' stories. It has a hundred streets, which, wide and straight, present a bright and cheerful aspect, superior in every respect to the dingy and lugubrious streets and by-lanes of modern cities. There is nothing to offend the most fastidious taste; there are none of the hideous scenes and grotesque spectacles which meet the eye at every corner in our overcrowded and unhealthy towns; there is an utter absence of the clangour and shrill sound of noisy activity in our centres of commerce. All that is disagreeable is kept out of sight and hearing. On the other hand, everything which tends to promote

\* "Alison's History of Europe," 1815-52, vol. v. chap. xxx. p. 63.

æsthetic culture and rational enjoyment finds a place here. A profusion of art-treasures from the east and west, gems of the classic age and the renaissance, are collected together and distributed all over the town. Besides, the magnificence of the architecture and the grandeur of public monuments strike the eye at every corner. Nor are there wanting any of the conveniences of speed and easy locomotion, with many additional improvements. "I am delighted," says the imaginary traveller, "with the elegant houses and fine open streets, the excellent taste displayed in the arrangements of fountains, with the magnificence of their public buildings and national monuments. The public gardens and promenades were enchanting, and, on the whole, Tyrama (a seaport town in Icaria) was the most beautiful town I have ever beheld."

Everywhere there are signs of affluence and refined taste. The workshops surpass our palaces in salubrity, elegance, and splendour. Order and method are preserved throughout, and work is done with pleasure and precision. The farms and villages even are constructed on the most magnificent scale. "Every yard of ground was cultivated and appropriated to some useful purpose," remarks the traveller. "The whole country seemed covered with the green harvest, having vines interspersed and flowery arbours, groves, plantations, farmhouses, and picturesque villages. Here and there flocks were scattered over the meadows, and groups of husbandmen enlivened both hill and dale. The road was extremely level and in excellent order. The footpaths were continuous, and shaded with fruit-trees in bloom. We passed farms and villages, crossed rivers and canals. Indeed, the road seemed the continuation of the suburbs of a large town, or an avenue intersecting an immense garden."

Thus the workers in town and country are cheered in their labour by bright and happy surroundings. Work being thus rendered attractive, there is no occasion of enforcing it as an onerous duty. "What do you do with your idlers?" inquires the puzzled traveller. "The idle?" retorts a stonemason philosopher—for even Ministers of State work at the trades during intervals of rest from public duty—"we do not know of any. . . . How could there be any such among us when work is made so attractive, and when idleness and sloth are as infamous here as theft is elsewhere?" "They are wrong, then," inquires his lordship, "who say in France and England that there always will be *drunkards, thieves, and idlers*?" Answer: "They are right as far as these countries are concerned, but they are wrong in the case of such an organisation as that of Icaria."

In fact, the Icarians are as superior to other people as their country surpasses all the other states of the civilised world.

Their religion consists in silent adoration of the great but "unknown God;" in their temples and ceremonial they aim at a noble simplicity of worship. Religious toleration is extended to all creeds; and to prevent the introduction of religious bigotry, the inculcation of positive beliefs to persons under seventeen years of age is strictly prohibited. The civil government is committed to persons elected by universal suffrage, and removable from office at the people's will.

There is neither property nor money, neither buying nor selling. All are equal, all work for the community, which in return provides for all the neces-

saries of life. All manufactures and industries are national property, and the executive Government regulates the process of production and consumption of commodities; it appoints to every man his share of labour, and assigns to every man a due share of personal enjoyment.

As all public functionaries hold only temporary appointments, and are responsible to the public for the due performance of their office, and revocable at pleasure, it might be supposed that government under such conditions became irksome and difficult. Not so. In Icaria people are all virtuous; jealousy and hatred, discord and violence, quarrels and conspiracies, robbery and murder, party politics and revolutions, are unknown. Prisons, judges, and capital punishment belong all to a chapter of ancient history. All professions and occupations are esteemed alike, and every one may select his own sphere of labour. There are no cares of the future to harass the Icarians; there are none of the prejudices which at present render labour repugnant and painful. Every one performs his appointed task with alacrity and delight. In short, order and plenty, brotherly concord, virtue, and happiness, prevail throughout the land. The citizens are distinguished for their superior intelligence, urbanity of manner, and nobility of character.

All this is not only "an idyl translated into communistic phraseology," but a satire on the French society of the day. The inordinate love of inequality which, in the opinion of Matthew Arnold, has had the effect of "materialising our upper class, vulgarising our middle class, and brutalising our lower class" in this country, prevailed undoubtedly in an exaggerated form in France during the reign of Louis Philip, when the selfish indulgence and material egotism of the rich exasperated the suffering poor, and filled them with envy and animosity, both against their employers and the *bourgeois* king and his Government.

No wonder, then, that a starved proletariat received with joyful acclamations a book which painted the blessings of equality with such alluring colours, and held up the prospect of a future society where capitalists could no longer domineer over the sons of toil, or appropriate to their own advantage the profits of labour. Five editions of the "Voyage to Icaria" appeared in as many months. Labourers too poor to purchase a copy for themselves, joined others for the purpose of reading and discussing the book in common. A profound impression was produced, and the general enthusiasm for the author and his system may serve as a measure of the depth of sorrow and suffering among the men whom such vague promises of impossible social perfection could cheer and sustain in their sunken condition. No wonder that both teacher and disciples, after thus seeking relief from the hard realities of life in "visionary and chimerical expectations of social felicity," sought in the new world that earthly paradise which they found depicted in the "Voyage to Icaria."

Cabet, having failed in his attempt to introduce practically the principles laid down in his work by means of legislation in his own country, went with some of his adherents to America, there to found a society after his own heart. Old in years, but young in enthusiasm, he pursued his object with that "grim patience and steadfast unselfishness" which, in the opinion of Mr. Nordhoff, are the necessary characteristics of the would-be founders of communistic



societies. The same writer, referring to a pamphlet of Cabet's, which he found when visiting the survivors of this colony in the United States a few years ago, and comparing the possible condition of the community with what he actually observed, says: "I turned over the leaves of the pamphlet while wandering through the muddy lanes of the present Icaria, on one chilly Sunday in March, with a keen sense of pain at the contrast between the comfort and elegance he so glowingly described, and the dreary poverty of the life which a few men and women have thus chosen to follow, for the sake of principles which they hold both true and valuable."

The same might be said with still more truth if we compared this small Icarian commune, who "thought themselves prosperous when they were able to build themselves log-cabins, though they were so wretched that comfort must have been unknown among them for years . . . and lived, and still live, in the narrowest way," with the imaginary society visited by Lord Carisdall in his "Voyage to Icaria."\*

A gentleman who knew of Mr. Nordhoff's visit then wrote to him: "Please deal gently and cautiously with Icaria. The man who sees only the chaotic village and the wooden shoes, and only chronicles these, will commit a serious error. In that village are buried fortunes, noble hopes, and the aspirations of good and great men like Cabet. Fertilised by these deaths, a great and beneficent growth yet awaits Icaria. It has an eventful and extremely interesting history, but its future is destined to be still more interesting. It, and it alone, represents in America a great idea—rational democratic Communism."

We are prepared not only to deal gently, but even reverently, with the sayings and doings of a man who, with high mental qualifications and noble aspirations, deeply moved by the sufferings of his fellow-men, thus sought a means of escape from their degradation and dependency in the communistic life. Eager to bring about immediate social changes, impatient of the slow process of social amelioration, which, as a student and writer of history, he acknowledged to be a fact, he excoagulated a social romance in exile which he thought could best pave the way to social reconstruction.

"I cannot describe the pleasure," he says, "I felt when at last I had found a remedy for all the ills of humanity, and I feel sure that, in their mansions and at their banquets, the men who have sent me into exile have not experienced such pure enjoyment as he whom they have banished, as, day by day, he perceived more clearly the dawn of a coming happiness for the human race."

Finding his countrymen unwilling to adopt his scheme, he chose a voluntary exile in following what he considered a higher call to a country he knew not, full of faith in his mission of social regeneration. Conflicts with the climate and other adverse circumstances led to a partial dissolution of the society, and Cabet retired in despair to Missouri in 1856, where he died of a broken heart.

The high motives and misfortunes of the man deserve our most profound respect, whilst his moderation as a social revolutionist, discarding all violent changes, and leaving the work of reconstruction to be effected by persuasion rather than force, demand a careful consideration of his views in life and society,

as well as his suggestions as to the manner of giving effect to his scheme of social improvement.

The existing inequalities of society Cabet regards as the survival of man's savage state when in the prevalence of general ignorance might is right, and he who has the strongest arm secures a monopoly of enjoyment and total immunity from labour. Hence the existence of class privileges, caste systems, war and conquests, domination and proscription, slavery and serfdom. Hence, too, a perpetuation of inequality of rank and fortune even in the higher stages of civilisation; it is the power of the strong exercised against the weak, sanctioned by custom, which is the outcome of a faulty education.

But brotherly love, devotion to the welfare of others, are natural instincts only requiring further cultivation and a close following out of nature's law, according to which all men are brethren. Nature, in her beneficent rule and intelligent guidance, would have all men equal, not only as far as rights and duties are concerned, but also in the enjoyment of material happiness, and she produces all things for common use. Social and political inequality is a transgression of the laws of nature, and has for its result the oppression and misery of thousands to procure for a small minority the means of luxurious indulgence. This creates egotism, ambition, avarice, and a heartless desire of self-gratification on the part of the opulent, and, on the other hand, envy, hatred, and jealousy among the poor. With the abolition of private property and the introduction of Communism, all these evils would cease to exist. Education as well as legislation in favour of a gradual introduction of communistic institutions must prepare the way for it. The power of bequest must be circumscribed, the right of collateral inheritance must be curtailed, progressive taxation, the freedom of the labouring classes from sharing the public burdens, the abolition of military systems, governmental regulation of wages, the fixing of a normal day of labour, and, finally, co-operation on a large scale—all these are to pave the way towards this final consummation. But nothing is to be done by violence and sudden changes contrary to the will of the people. "Let them preach," exhorts Cabet, "to get the principle accepted, to get the transition-measure passed, and so arrive at last at a definitive Communism." In the meantime he says, in his "Credo Communiste":

"I believe that communists have no prospect of success unless they reform themselves, and carefully avoid everything that might bring about disunion; let them preach by their example; in the exercise of all the social virtues let them teach and convince their opponents that Communism would not produce unhappiness in any one, but secure the happiness of all."

He considers fifty years long enough as a transition period for gaining his object. After this, the benefits of the communistic life having been fully recognised, individualism may be done away with, and the process of producing and distributing commodities may be left to the authorities of the community. In the new state liberty would be in a measure curtailed, all would be subject to uniform laws, and would have to conform to identical modes of life. Literature and the press would be under the control of officials, and the education of the young, after a given period, would be public. Those who distinguish themselves in the arts and sciences, in the

\* Nordhoff, "Communistic Societies of the United States," p. 335.

pursuit of industry, and the performance of public functions, receive certain honours, and after their demise are received into the Pantheon, the Westminster Abbey of the Icarians.

If we ask what motives, if selfishness is no longer the lever of exertion, will induce the Icarians to perform their duty, Cabet replies, "Brotherly love." If we again inquire who will organise this large human machine, Cabet replies, "The Committee, the people, or the law, provide for everything." Self-devotion or emulation in the performance of social duty takes the place of the self-regarding motives which form the moving cause of human activity.

With regard to all such speculations on human nature and the prime motors of action on which hinges the whole of Cabet's scheme of social improvement, an eminent French economist has said: "It is not enough to love humanity; we must *know* it." Cabet's benevolent scheme throughout rests on a theory of human nature as it might be rather than as it is. Instead of vigorously dealing with the facts of life, he presents us with the charming picture of Utopia or Icaria, where human beings in their characteristic tendencies, moral qualifications, and ruling principles, resemble as little as possible the ordinary men and women we meet with in every-day life. But whereas he errs in this direction, his opponents are equally at fault in the opposite direction, taking for granted that the sordid selfishness and the prevalent tendency to disregard our social duties in the eager search after individual advancement must needs remain unchanged. In fact, here we see the value of Utopias, in that they hold up a higher ideal of society, and prevent a stationary, or, rather, a stagnant condition of humanity, satisfied with the base facts of life. They point to a goal of higher moral and material improvement, and so direct man onwards on the way of progress and social reform.

Again, Cabet errs in supposing that nature in her own productions teaches perfect equality; for wherever we turn we see inequalities as the result of natural law. Position, climate, and hereditary faculties, the ordinary sequence of events, produce inequalities without direct interference of human volition. But, on the other hand, a higher law teaches us the duty of equalising, by just and benevolent measures, these inequalities, and by philanthropic effort and self-denying devotion to the cause of humanity, to diminish them as far as possible.

Cabet says: "I believe nature intended the earth to be possessed in common, and to remain unappropriated, like air, light, and warmth; that partition of the necessities of life corresponding to individual requirements alone is intended, but that *community of goods is the most natural system.*"

His opponents deny this, averring that Communism takes away the proper stimulus for exertion, and would end in an equality of poverty and wretchedness. Therefore, they say, let the principle of competition continue to be the rule of life; then all, whilst endeavouring to promote their own interests, will indirectly benefit the world at large. They overlook, it is replied, the baneful results of competition, the severity and harshness of the present struggle of existence which sets one section in the human beehive against another, creating in many quarters discontent, which, in its remote consequences, threatens the social peace of Europe. They forget that the great law of social progress implies a gradual advancement from the rule under which the strongest prevail

to the final establishment of moral supremacy, under which wealth is equitably distributed by means of intensified production and a wider extension of the comforts of life in the lower strata of society.

Here the economist and the philanthropist meet on the same platform, and indulge in a similar hope. Remembering that competency of means implies a higher culture, a calm and contented frame of mind, and a disposition for reflection on the higher problems of human existence, the social worker for the future well-being of the masses of mankind may not be able to accept the Utopian scheme of Cabet, nor will he be satisfied with the counter proposition of his opponents, who profess themselves quite satisfied with the existing state of things. He would rather select a safe middle-course between the extreme socialists and the extreme egoists, and adopts the language of John Stuart Mill, when he says: "I confess I am not charmed with the ideal of life held out by those who think that the normal state of human beings is that of struggling to get on; that the trampling, crushing, elbowing, and treading on each other's heels, which form the existing type of social life, are the most desirable lot of human kind, or anything but the disagreeable symptoms of one of the phases of industrial progress. It may be a necessary stage in the progress of civilisation . . . but the best state for human nature is that in which, while no one is poor, no one desires to be richer, nor has any reason to fear being thrust back by the efforts of others to push themselves forward."

## THE KAFFIR, OR BANTU TRIBES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

II.



A KAFFIR SKETCH, FROM LIFE.

AND now to touch on the history of the Kaffir tribes. I shall do so mainly as it may elucidate the present crisis in South Africa. Two races stand out prominently at present—the Kaffirs of Kaffraria, and the Zulus of Zululand. I may say all the later

history of the Kaffir tribes in South Africa very much circulates around the destinies of these its two greatest tribes. As regards the Kaffirs of Kaffraria, their later history is mainly that of a long series of warlike conflicts with the Cape Colony. These began in 1811, not many years after our possession of the Cape, and the end is not yet, though we may hope it is closely approaching. The uprising we are now witnessing is the sixth in the long succession. The Kaffirs have, during the progress of these, been gradually driven back on the east coast, first from the Fish river to the Keiskamma, and now the Kei is the colonial boundary. Within the colony itself, as thus extended, there has been an increasing number of Kaffirs, as, for instance, the Gaika tribe, under Sandilli, is directly subject to British rule and control. We do not enter on the narrative of these long struggles; we mark only the more important facts which may help in elucidating the existing crisis. One of these was the wise resolution, in 1820, to introduce into the East Cape Colony British settlers. This new colony was admirably founded, and almost recalls the story of the pilgrim fathers. Each colonist had allotted to him a hundred acres, and every hundred families had a Christian minister to themselves. An honourable place is due here to the Wesleyans, and the name of William Shaw, one of their missionaries, will long be remembered in South Africa as one who, by his sagacity and energy, contributed not a little to the advancement of the East Cape Colony. These settlers have, during the last half century, done more for the defence of the colony against the Kaffirs, and for the development of its resources, than the Boers during the centuries of their occupation. Port Elizabeth is now the centre of the commerce of South Africa. Another fact in this history, which stands prominently out, is that a firm, if at the same time a mild policy is the best in dealing with the Kaffirs. It is necessary while cherishing the most benevolent sentiments to act with decision, for a savage interprets anything else as weakness. The administration of Sir Benjamin Durban was an honourable instance of this policy, and many of his ablest successors, as Sir George Grey, Sir Henry Barkly, and Sir Bartle Frere, have followed the same system.\* This intermediate course did not go far enough, however, for many British philanthropists, and for Lord Glenelg, then the Colonial Secretary. The whole settlement made by Sir Benjamin was rebuked by him in no measured terms, and reversed. Concessions were loyally tried, but the result was a miserable failure. The Kaffirs simply availed themselves of the concessions made to renew their depredations until these became intolerable. A furious war broke out; many homesteads were ravaged and destroyed; many missions were broken up; valuable lives were lost. This policy, which had in the end to be quite reversed, not only inflicted terrible hardships on the colonists, but untold miseries on the Kaffirs. We may notice another feature in the later colonial policy. It is the wise effort of the Colonial Government to educate the Kaffirs, and to train them to industrial habits. Many thousands of the natives are being thus educated with the help of the Government in the mission schools; and a large staff of native teachers are being trained up. Establishments are also being formed with a special view to industrial

\* We venture to add that, in our opinion, Sir Benjamin Pine's policy in Natal was of the same able and judicious character. It was at first misunderstood, but I believe its justice and wisdom are now generally appreciated.

training. Lovedale, a Free Church institution, thus receives aid from the Government to the extent of £2,000 annually. With its large staff of missionaries, teachers, and European masters of industrial departments, and with its some 500 pupils and boarders, it is quite the model institution of its character in South Africa. A last fact in this history worthy to be noted in its bearings on the present is the strength of the superstitious element in the Kaffir. It was the prophecies of a reputed Kaffir prophet which chiefly led to the last deadly struggle of 1850. A still more striking instance of this fanaticism was witnessed in 1857. The Amaxosas then perpetrated a deed of madness scarcely to be rivalled in history. A prophet foretold to them the resurrection of all their dead warriors and chiefs; vast herds of cattle were to issue from the ground; corn without their culture was to spring up; the living were to be clothed in new beauty, and the white man to fade away. Only this must hinge on a heroic faith: they must kill their cattle, and destroy all they had, save the arms of the warrior. This almost incredible prediction was accepted. The Kaffirs destroyed their corn and cattle, nearly 50,000 perished of hunger and famished, thousands invaded the colony, not as conquerors, but as beggars.

I regret that my limits compel me to give the merest outline of the later Zulu history. The Zulus have not come so directly into collision with our colonial rule as the Kaffirs, but their annals touch profoundly the past, the present, and the future of South Africa. About fifty years ago Zululand, Natal, and the interior were convulsed as by some great volcanic upheaval, the traces of which may still be marked in the whole position of the South African tribes. Nay, results of the great revolution may be found even in Central Africa. Chaka, the great warrior chief of Zululand, may have said to have been, about half a century ago, the Napoleon of South Africa. Beginning his career as a common soldier in the ranks of Dengiswayo, who first organised the Zulus into regiments, breaking up their old tribal system, training his subjects by an almost Spartan rule to the severest discipline, forbidding his warriors with but few exceptions to marry, he subordinated everything to the aims of military conquest. His hardy, fierce troops burst like some wild tornado on the peaceful tribes of Natal, and so ravaged it that a country which had at one time probably a million of inhabitants, was reduced to ten or twenty thousand, hidden in its mountains, cliffs, and gorges. Many of the tribes were driven in wild despair before him, some, as the Fingoes, becoming at first the slaves of the Galkas, then by the wise policy of Sir Benjamin Durban liberated and made free and loyal, and fighting now in our ranks. Others perished by famine or became cannibals, or arming themselves in their despair, as the Mantatees, carried fire and sword among the less warlike Bechuanas.

Space does not allow of my relating the noble services Dr. Moffat rendered at this time, when he was, under God, the means of saving the Bechuana tribes from destruction; it is not the least wonderful among the many great achievements of that illustrious missionary. The same Zulu movement was felt farther north. Moselikatze, an old soldier and captain of Chaka's, gradually thus, with the Matabels, was led to occupy the country north of the Limpopo to the Zambezi. The same victorious race spread also farther to the north-east, where now



Umzila, a Zulu king, reigns. Nay, a detachment of the Zulus crossed even the Zambezi, carrying their victorious arms into Central Africa. The Mazitu and Watuta, warlike and dangerous tribes located near the Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, are of the Zulu race.

Cetywayo, the chief of Zululand, is the representative of this warlike race, and is of the line of Chaka. He still retains the same severe regimental discipline over his forty or fifty thousand fierce warriors, who are many of them armed with guns. He and his tribe are still sunk deep as ever in Kaffir superstitions; he is himself a sanguinary tyrant, whose hands are stained with the blood of his subjects; he has driven out by his violent measures the missionaries, and with his connivance at least some of the converts have been put to death. His attitude occasions at present great alarm to our colonists. Even if the Gaika and Galeka chiefs, Sandilli and Kreli, were our captives, an arduous conflict might still remain for our British army ere a settled peace could be re-established in South Africa.

Passing from this imperfect outline of recent Kaffir history, I would say something before closing as to the future. We have reached another crisis in South African colonial history. British power has been again recklessly defied, grievous injuries inflicted on the colonists, valuable lives lost, and a state of the native tribes has been made known, quite incompatible with the security and order of colonial rule. Let me notice some measures which seem urgently demanded. One vast amelioration is that suggested by Sir Bartle Frere in his recent opening speech to the Cape Parliament, "the abolishing what remains of the tribal system within the colony by refusal to recognise any power of native chiefs which is not derived from the Colonial Government." This is a measure needed both in the Cape Colony and in Natal. The native locations must be thoroughly opened up, and justice administered by the colonial magistracy. We would add to this that savage tribes adjacent to the colonies, but not incorporated with them, ought to be placed under a British protectorate, with a resident located in each, to see that native law be administered in harmony with the principles of civilisation and justice. Umquikila, for instance, the chief of the Pondos, Cetywayo, Sekokoeni, and other savage chiefs, cannot be allowed to disturb our borders by their violent and reckless rule. We must, too, have some control over their forces, as in India we have over those of the native princes whose territories have not been annexed. Bishop Colenso, we observe, in a letter published lately in the Natal Press, writes: "An annexation of Zululand, if unjust and, therefore, wicked, would assuredly bring down on us a divine retribution." For our part, we should expect such a retribution to befall us if we allowed a barbarous chief on our frontier, against his most solemn pledges, to murder his people and to perpetrate atrocities immeasurably worse than the Bulgarian. Other measures ought to be adopted, as, for instance, the disarming of the natives. To allow arms to savages liable to such frenzies of passion, as, for instance, the Galekas in 1857, is as dangerous as to place them in the hands of a madman. But I think the most important measure here to be, speedy enactments giving to the natives personal rights to land. The tribal system of land tenure is miserable. It gives no support to that great law teaching us the sacredness

of toil. "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy bread." The lands under tribal tenure are merely squatted on, not properly and carefully cultivated; and hence, too, when under our peaceful rule, there being no devastating wars, the tribe rapidly grows up, and there is an intense craving for more extended territory. Where Christian missions have obtained grants of land, and where these have been allocated to Christian families, the same amount of acres, by careful industry, produces far more; even when the heathen natives gain such individual rights they become vastly more industrious and civilised than living on the tribal locations. As regards personal land tenure a rent system would probably be better for the natives than to give them the fee simple of land. Probably something like the ryot-warry system of Bombay, one of the best systems of rent tenure in the world, but in this case adapted to a people not only agricultural but pastoral, would be the best. The Swiss land tenure might be in this respect a model. Such a system, if approved, could not be entrusted for its development to one better qualified than Sir Bartle Frere, from his intimate knowledge of the Bombay and other Indian systems of tenure. Education, again, is absolutely needed, to which I have already referred. I may say in passing that the German, French, Scottish, and English mission schools are well conducted, and are, in many instances, almost abreast of similar institutions for primary education in Europe. Polygamy, again, is a terrible evil in South Africa. If it cannot be abolished, which may be doubted at present, yet were first marriages alone recognised, and the rights of succession secured to the family of the legalised wife alone, this would discourage in some measure the existing unhappy family condition. In reference to purity, again, there are infamous rites as regards the young of both sexes, quite as demoralising as the worship in classic times of the Paphian goddess. These ought not to be tolerated under a civilised rule, poisoning as they do the moral life of the rising youth at its very springs. The encouragement also of medical knowledge among the natives, and the presence of a European medical practitioner in each of the large native locations, would aid much to diminish the influence of the degraded witch-doctors. I have suggested these various remedial measures, but Christianity, with its living power, is still needed. Take, for instance, the family, even if polygamy were suppressed, its abolition would do but little unless higher and purer influences were at work. If the native races of South Africa have attained to the conception of a higher ideal, they have been taught it by Christianity, especially in many instances by the mission home. It is incalculable, in fact, the happy hallowing results that have accrued to the native tribes from the presence in their midst of the mission family, with its purity, intelligence, holiness, sympathy, beneficence, and peace. Or take the missionary himself. An African journalist has justly observed that a resident European magistracy, while valuable, will not extinguish the attachment to the hereditary chief. To exercise such an influence there is needed, not a cold intangible abstraction, but one who lives among his people, and attaches them to his person. Now this is just mission life among the native tribes. The natives know that the missionary is their friend and their advocate for justice; that he is able by his in-

telligence to direct them; that he seeks not theirs, but them; and thus he has often a deeper hold on the heart of the heathen than their debased, arrogant chief, and obtains a wonderful power to mould their nature and lift them to higher aims. Then, again, as regards that dark cloud of superstition which we have described brooding over the Kaffir mind, nothing can so dissipate and scatter it as the benign light which Christianity sheds on the character of God, on the spirit world, on Providence, Redemption, and eternity. Dr. Moffat has described somewhere, with great power, the change in Africanor soon after his conversion to Christianity; how he would sit the livelong night on a great stone beneath the bright starry skies of South Africa, meditating on God and His works, and on the wonders of His providence and grace. It is this thought of Him who gives rain from heaven and fruitful seasons that raises the native Christian above the wretched juggles of the rainmaker. It is this knowledge of God and the holy agencies which surround Him, who compasses our path and our lying down, and is acquainted with all our ways, which delivers him, too, from the dread of witchcraft and its spells, and from the ghostly terror of the spirits of his ancestry. It is this divine force of Christianity, also, which can alone grapple with the long contracted habits of debasing vice in which the savage has lived, can break the shackles of his slavery, and restore him to his right mind. It is this penetrative power that emancipates a nature trained to deceit and falsehood, and inspires it with the love of truth in the inward parts. It is thus, also, that where the God of Christianity is known as Love, and in His mission of Love, the idol of selfishness is dethroned, and in place of it there comes the spirit of self-consecration and self-sacrifice, the noble impellent to a higher life. We cannot, indeed, anticipate that these higher Christian influences will be felt in all their power among Christian Kaffirs any more than among Christian colonists. Still we cannot doubt that the highest assimilating influence—that which can best bind Colonial South Africa into one—will be the extension and the power of Christianity among the Kaffir tribes.

J. E. CARLYLE.

## Varieties.

**FETISHISM.**—In the earliest religious documents there are no clear traces of fetishism, but they crop up plentifully in later stages—e.g., they are more abundant in modern Brahminism than in the oldest Vedic hymns. The reason why the Portuguese navigators, who were Christians of the metamorphic Romanist type of the last century, called what they saw among the Gold Coast negroes *feticois* is that they were themselves perfectly familiar with a *fetico*, or amulet, all carrying beads or crosses blessed by their priests. They themselves were fetish worshippers in a sense. What, then, more natural for them, if they saw a native hugging some ornament, or praying to some bones, than to fancy these things were not kept for luck only, but were sacred relics, like their own *feticois*? True, it would have been quite as natural for the negroes to have called the popular cult of the Portuguese a worship of *gru-grus*, their native word for *feticois*, and to have thought these good Catholics had no idea of a King of Heaven, or of worshipping Him. The Portuguese word, whence we get *fetish*, answers, it was well-known, to the Latin *facticus*, meaning first, made by hand; then artificial, unnatural, magical, enchanted, and enchanting, as was illustrated in various ways. The Portuguese sailors could have applied it to certain tangible and inanimate objects only, and De Brosses

took an unwarrantable liberty when he extended it to animals, such as were worshipped in Egypt, and to those gods of Greece, mountains, rivers, trees. These ought not to have been confused with mere rubbish superstitiously venerated. As to the religion of the negro, so far from being a uniform fetishism, as was commonly believed, it is many-sided in the extreme. There is fetish-worship in it, perhaps more than among other nations, but there are in it also very clear traces of a worship of spirits residing in different parts of nature, and of a feeling after a Supreme Spirit, alike hidden and revealed by the sun and sky. It is generally, if not always, the sun or the sky which forms the bridge from the visible to the invisible, "from nature up to nature's God." But, besides the sun, the moon also was worshipped by the negroes, as the ruler of months and seasons, and the ordainer of time and life. Sacrifices were offered under trees, also to trees, particularly to old trees, which for generations had witnessed the family's or tribe's troubles and joys. Besides plant-worship, there are clear indications also of animal-worship, though to find out the negro's motive for worshipping certain animals is one of the most difficult problems. The mistake often made by the writers on early religions is thinking there can be but one common motive at the bottom of all the customs to be explained. Another very difficult problem, from a psychological point of view, was how to reconcile the rational and even exalted religious ideas discoverable among the negro tribes with the coarse forms of fetish worship. Fetishism, so far from being, as almost every historian of religion tells us, a primitive form of faith, is, on the contrary, a secondary or tertiary formation,—nay, a decided corruption of an earlier, simpler, and truer religion.—*Max Müller.*

**WORTH PRAYING FOR.**—Governor Fairbanks, of Vermont, in his Fast-day proclamation, said:—"Let us especially pray that He will graciously vouchsafe to make and keep us as individuals, and as a State and a nation, inflexibly honest, even in times of financial depression. So shall we fulfil our high destiny, and transmit to our children unimpaired the rich legacy received from our fathers."

**SWISS THRIFT.**—Professor Bluntschli, the famous jurist, celebrated his seventieth birthday by sending a present of 700 francs to Zurich, his native city, which was to be expended in buying money-boxes for the children of the working classes in the schools, "in order to train them," as he says, "by the regular laying by of their little savings, to begin the collection of a small capital early in life."

**SACRED AND SECULAR.**—In the case of a church at Bethnal Green, where it was proposed to build a mortuary and other buildings in the churchyard, it was decided in the Consistory Court, before Dr. Tristram, Chancellor of the Diocese of London, that consecrated ground may be used for a mortuary to receive the dead bodies, but not for a Coroner's court, nor for living rooms for the keeper of the mortuary, which would be "for secular and profane purposes." In such cases the difficulty may be settled by building the mortuary on the very margin of the churchyard, and the keeper's room and coroner's room on the unconsecrated ground on the other side of the fence, but adjoining, under the same roof.

**ACCOMPLISHMENTS.**—Plutarch records that when Antisthenes was told that Ismenias played excellently on the flute, he remarked, "Then I expect he is good for nothing else." The people of Athens ridiculed Themistocles because he was unversed in the manners of the world and of the *ton* of "good society." His retort on the small railers was worthy of a great man: "True, I cannot play on the lute, but I know how to raise a small and inconsiderable city to greatness and renown."

**THE CRIMEAN WAR.**—The Crimean War was never popular in France. We know now all the history of that time, and we know that that war, however useful it may have been in its results, was entered into by the late Emperor of the French mainly from a personal and dynastic object. He stood at the time in a very peculiar position; he had possessed himself of supreme power, but he found it difficult to get respectable men to come near him. As a matter of fact, the French Court at that period was hardly visited by any one except the not very respected agents of the *coup d'état*. Under those circumstances it was quite worth the while of the Emperor of the French to sacrifice 100,000 French lives in order to secure *prestige*. But the *régime* has collapsed, as every reasoning man knew sooner or later it must do, and I repeat that, especially in the present political situation, when she is constantly in fear of some fresh attack on the part of Germany, France will not join us in any policy of war.—*The Earl of Derby.*

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